

TURKISH CIGARETTE SMOKERS CAN REST EASY

War Stops Imports, but Dealers
Here Have Big Supply
on Hand.

ENOUGH FOR TWO YEARS

After That, if Fight Continues,
Market May Be Hit
Hard.

The war has virtually stopped the importation of tobacco from Turkey, but you need not despair. The Turkish cigarette will continue to be, or even that the price will be raised.

Importers are always prepared for emergencies by having two years supply of Turkish leaf stored away. Just now there are about 100,000 bales piled up in bonded warehouses in this city.

The reason why importation has ceased is that most of the ships which ordinarily bring tobacco to this country are no longer touching at the troubled Turkish ports such as Kavala, Salonica and Smyrna. The great tobacco centre now occupied by Bulgarians.

The boats of the Austrian Lloyd's Line are still keeping to the old schedule, but they are overburdened and Austria and Hungary have first call on whatever tobacco they can carry.

The American representatives of M. L. Herzog & Co., international handlers of Turkish tobacco, have received nothing from Turkey for about five weeks. In a normal year, just now is the time of heaviest importation from the warehouses of Kavala, Salonica and Smyrna.

It is agreed by importers and cigarette manufacturers that if the war should be resumed after the present armistice and should continue until March the situation would be extremely serious. Most of Turkey's tobacco is planted in February and March. Many farmers are now in the army and many have emigrated to other countries. If they don't get back soon no seed will be planted, and a year without a Turkish tobacco crop would be a disaster.

Moreover, the crop of 1912 was half a failure. Even before the war began the peasants were fighting among themselves and their fields were neglected. And when the crop was harvested real war began and buyers were afraid to traverse the disturbed country.

"If the crop fails next year there is no saying how high Turkish tobacco will go," said Melchior Melachino, head of M. Melachino & Co.

A representative of M. L. Herzog & Co., said yesterday:

"It is true that the war has embarrassed importers. Tobacco from Macedonia and Smyrna, which tobacco is used in the blend of most Turkish cigarettes, has been going up for two years. Its further advance depends largely on whether the crop comes on."

I should say that there is no danger at present that the retail price of cigarettes will be affected. The manufacturers would hesitate long before raising the cost of a standard cigarette. The price of the cigarette is paid by the consumer, and the price which the smoker pays there is a margin of profit large enough to safeguard the manufacturer against any wholesale fluctuation not absolutely abnormal.

The best Turkish tobacco comes from Macedonia, a district about Mahala, Irbil, Mahala, or Yincea, leaf cut in New York as high as \$2.50 a pound. The duty on all Turkish tobacco is 35 cents a pound. At the port of Kavala, many warehouses where tobacco is stored and aged, for aging is as necessary to tobacco as to wine.

The biggest American importer, own their own warehouses where tobacco is stored and aged, for aging is as necessary to tobacco as to wine.

"Coarser tobacco is grown in Greece and Bulgaria," said a representative of Charles Drucker, tobacco importer of 14 Park place. "I understand that a considerable quantity is stored in these countries which may be used."

"And by the way," he added, "did you know that tobacco is grown in thirty villages may be found in an Egyptian village. In the leaf from one village we get strength, in another aroma, in another body, in a fourth the proper color and so on."

LINCOLN'S PERSONAL TRAITS.

Helen Nicolay's Interesting Addition to Lincolniana.

One more volume has been added to the collection of books dealing with Abraham Lincoln, and this time it is not a ponderous tome that will excite the bibliophile. Helen Nicolay, daughter of the historian of the martyred President, is the author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln" which the Century Company publishes. It is an intimate book, whose stories are told with simplicity and agreeable literary style.

The author explains her work thus: "When my father began collecting material to be used in his joint work with John Hay, 'Abraham Lincoln: A History,' he put certain things into an envelope marked 'Personal Traits,' meaning to make a chapter with that heading. As the work grew the items gathered under that head overflowed one envelope into many, and at the same time it became manifest that a chapter with such a title would be out of place. Incidents illustrating Mr. Lincoln's personal traits found their rightful place elsewhere, and the authors argued that if the work as a whole did not reflect his character it was labor lost."

"Unfortunately first hand knowledge that could take those miscellaneous notes, personal letters, private letters and newspaper clippings, unrelated as the colors on a painter's palette, and blend them into an absolutely satisfactory portrait is not a kind of knowledge to be inherited."

But most readers are not likely to agree with the author's timidity as to satisfaction her work may give. In nearly 400 small pages are all sorts of yarns about Lincoln, some of them in the mouths of his contemporaries, some less clear at hand but not usually less vivid.

The book is handsomely printed on heavy paper with wide margins and is suitably bound in dark blue cloth.

MRS. DITCHETT NOT IN COURT.

Defective Fears She Is Kidnapped,
but She Is Found.

Mrs. Anna Ellen Ditchett, wife of Samuel H. Ditchett, editor of the *Day Evening Journal*, did not appear in the District Court in Hackensack, N. J., yesterday morning when an action which she had brought to test a lease was called, and Arthur Pratt, a private detective who had been in the employ of Mrs. Ditchett, reported to Assistant Prosecutor Zabriske that he had reason to believe Mrs. Ditchett had been "kidnapped" and taken to a sanitarium. Mrs. Ditchett was found later at the home of her sister at Sheepshead Bay, where she had gone for a visit.

Mrs. Ditchett was on the stage before her marriage. One of her sisters was Louise Allen Collier, wife of Willie Collier, Mr. and Mrs. Ditchett signed a separation agreement in 1910. A year later Mrs. Ditchett was committed to Bloomingdale and later was transferred to a sanitarium at Whitestone, L. I., and finally to Central Islip, from which she was discharged last August.

The action which she has brought was a groundless one, and she was found to be a house owned by her at Second and Passaic streets, Hackensack, to test the legality of a lease signed by her husband as her agent while she was in the sanitarium.

The Ditchetts have two daughters, now in boarding school.

BOOK SWINDLE HUNTERS FIND SIX MORE VICTIMS

Their Loss Is Nearly \$400,000
—Rosenfield, Alleged Agent,
Surrenders.

Samuel Rosenfield, one of the men indicted with James J. Farmer and his son Glen Farmer for participation in the alleged \$5,000,000 edition of deluxe swindle, gave himself up yesterday.

Rosenfield, who is from Chicago and is said to be one of the canvassers for the Anglo-American Authors Association, told the authorities that he had come to New York for a little trip and thought he would see what all this fuss was about.

He was held in \$5,000 bail by United States Commissioner Charles E. Bond. The bond was furnished by the Illinois Surety Company, which has supplied all the bail so far.

Each day swells the list of those who claim to have been victimized by the Farmers or their agents. Within twenty-four hours the list of names and addresses received half a dozen letters informing them that the writers have purchased "editions of deluxe" from the Anglo-American Authors Association. The total of the amounts mentioned in these letters is nearly \$400,000. One woman, a New Yorker, says that she was induced to invest \$30,000. A man writes to say that his wife has lost \$10,000 and that both want to do anything in their power to aid the prosecution.

Mrs. J. Howard King of 500 Madison avenue said she lost \$100,000. Mrs. King went to Washington recently, supposedly in connection with the case, and is staying at the Hotel Clifton there.

Some idea of the immense profits which the Farmers are said to have realized in their book business may be gleaned from sales records found among the private papers of the Anglo-American Authors Association. One of these shows the sale of a set of Mark Twain sold to Mrs. Anna Bird of 10 West Thirty-first street at \$2,500 and the net profit was \$2,022.

A set of books comprising twenty volumes, which was afterward sold to Mrs. Emma Bird of Salt Lake City for \$3,000, was valued on this list at \$225. Japan, a set of books comprising twenty volumes, which also went to Mrs. Bird for \$300 per volume, was valued at \$125 for the entire set. Twenty-two volumes of "The Kings and Gods of Egypt" were sold to Mrs. Bird for \$2,000, and "autographed" were rated at an actual cost of \$10. It is a matter of record that twenty-six similar sets ranging from \$100 to \$2,000 per set.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29. Mrs. J. Howard King, who is said to have lost \$100,000 in the book swindle, tonight denied that she had lost that sum, but she declined to discuss the matter in any way. When asked if she had lost any sum of money she reiterated her refusal to discuss the matter.

A WHITE MOUNTAIN BOOK.

Winthrop Packard Writes of the
New Hampshire Hills.

All who love the White Mountains will want Winthrop Packard's book on "White Mountain Trails: Tales of the Trails to the Summit of Mount Washington and Other Summits of the White Hills." The sight of the book will lure many who do not know New Hampshire's rocky ribs to make the personal acquaintance of them.

Small, Maynard and Company of Boston evidently have spared no pains to give the volume a worthy dress. It is bound in dull red cloth with brilliant gold lettering and cover designs. The illustrations from photographs are treated with exceptional pains, for fine plates have been made from the pictures so that the photographs have almost the semblance and texture of photographs. Everything that can be done to convey the glories of the granite mountains has been attended to. The "Frontispiece" is a picture of the summit of Mount Washington, which cannot be the less appreciated because it leaves to the imagination the scene's color and tender glow.

Even those who don't stop to analyze will find in Mr. Packard's narrative the color that photographs hardly convey. Such a passage as this is not exceptional: "As the sunshine blossoms from the mountain meadows, as it fits and slings in the forest margins and in the gold-finch haunted trees of the open farm, so it is borne even from the twigs in the deeper wood. Great yellow butterflies, tiger swallowtails, flutter in the dapple of light and shadow. It is for such moments that the young shoots of the forest undergrowth ask as they come forth each year with their tender leaves clasped like hands in prayer."

One hardly needs to add that the well-printed volume is capably indexed.

Price of Literary Legal Advice.

From the Cincinnati Times-Star. James Oliver Curwood, a novelist, tells of a recent encounter with the law. The value of a short story he was writing depended upon a certain legal situation which he found difficult to manage. Going to a lawyer of his acquaintance he told him the plot and was shown a way to the desired end. "You've saved me just \$100," he exclaimed, "for that's what I am going to get for this story."

A week later he received a bill from the lawyer as follows: "For literary advice, \$100." He says he paid.

The Wall Street edition of THE EVENING SUN contains all the financial news and the stock and bond quotations to the close of the market. The closing quotations of the "bid and asked" prices, with additional news matter, are contained also in the night and final editions of THE EVENING SUN.—Adm.

PLAY'S SOUL STOLEN, GOLDKNOPF ASSERTS

Says Belasco Took Idea of
"Tainted Philanthropy" for
"The Woman."

EXPLAINS HIS CHARGES

Author Objects to Being Called
"Barber-Playwright"—De-
cision Is Reserved.

Abraham Goldknopf of Bath Beach, author of "Tainted Philanthropy," which had an afternoon's run under the management of David Belasco in the Belasco Theatre recently, was in the United States Circuit Court yesterday before Judge Holt to press his charge that Mr. Belasco and William C. De Mille stole the soul of "Tainted Philanthropy" in order to create "The Woman."

While waiting for court to convene the playwright bustled about the room, arranging and rearranging a big bundle of "the papers in the case." Belasco in a moment of what was doubtless pique once referred to Mr. Goldknopf as the "barber-playwright." That says Mr. Goldknopf, right in line with the conspiracy of misrepresentation of which he has been the victim. He says he never has been a barber and never hopes to be one.

Judge Holt announced that the session was for the purpose of giving counsel opportunity to add oral argument to the evidence presented when Belasco companies played "The Woman" and "Tainted Philanthropy" in one crowded day and from the same stage as "exhibits A and B" in the case. Former Judge Dittenhoefer, counsel to Mr. Belasco and Mr. De Mille, was ready, and so was Mr. Goldknopf. The author of "Tainted Philanthropy" had dispensed with counsel for the time being. He said, mysteriously, that perhaps counsel had withdrawn and perhaps on the other hand he didn't want him present. "I shall speak for myself," he announced.

When Judge Holt said he didn't care to hear Mr. Goldknopf the playwright insisted that he was not a plagiarist, but that he had been guilty of misquoting several times in approaching the court and attempting to discuss the case. But Goldknopf was too intent upon the matter in hand to heed.

"Please, I wish to make a statement," he said, and when Judge Holt replied that he didn't care to hear it, went on just the same.

He reviewed rapidly other cases in which plagiarism had been charged and entered into a long explanation of his own charges. Before Judge Holt stopped him he had said it was the soul of his play and not the words that had been stolen, adding:

"Belasco has plenty of writers of beautiful language, but their heads are empty of ideas. They steal ideas and dress them up in their beautiful language. As I have said, I am not to be heard," demanded Goldknopf. He was told decidedly that he was not, and gathering up his papers he stalked out of the courtroom.

Judge Holt will write a decision after going over the manuscripts of the two plays. Mr. Belasco's counsel asked that the court, before reaching a decision, "ensure for the plaintiff and the lawyer who bring such silly suits on no grounds at all, so that it may serve as a warning to others who are trying to waste the time of the courts by such cases."

"KINGS AND GODS OF EGYPT."

Prof. Moret Presents Land of Nile
to the General Reader.

Among the things which Alexandre Moret has put into his book on the "Kings and Gods of Egypt" is this: "The sun, written by King Khnoum and his Queen, Nefer-Neferu-Aton."

"Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of heaven. O thou, Aton, Initiator of life."

"When thou risest in the east, thou fillest the earth with thy beauty; thou art beautiful, sublime, exalted above the earth. Thy beams envelop the lands and all thy heart is glad. As thou art Ra, the creator, thou conquerest what they give forth, and thou blindest them with the bonds of thy love. Thou art afar off, but thy beams are upon the earth; when thou art high the day follows thy footprints."

"When thou settest in the western horizon of heaven, the world is in darkness like the dead. They lie in their houses, their heads are wrapped in their nostrils stopped, their eyes blind; their gods may be robbed from under their heads, and they know it not. Then every lion cometh forth from his den, every serpent stings, the night is dark like an oven, the land lies in silence; he who made them has gone to rest in his horizon."

Prof. Moret remarks in his preface that his book is designed to present Egyptological information in such a form that lay readers may comprehend it. But he has not bartered his scholarship for popularity. He has put matters which are naturally beyond common courses of reading in such a way as to meet the demands of general readers. Mrs. Moret acts as his translator.

A CAMERA IN THE HOLY LAND.

Dwight Elmendorf's Volume of Pho-
tographs of Palestine.

Dwight L. Elmendorf, not content with entertaining crowded auditoriums with his talk and pictures, wants to be enjoyed in the home. At least this seems the inference from the publication recently by Scribner's of the lecturer's volume, "A Camera Travels Through the Holy Land." The book will delight many thousands of folk who cannot attend his addresses.

It is preeminently a picture book and a picture book in the newest, most stirring meaning of the word. There are just fifty-six pages of general description, most of it thick, condensed and suggestive rather than detailed. Then come ninety-nine really wonderful full page photographs printed on heavy paper from plates that must have been made with anxious care. At any rate these illustrations make the excellent enough photographs in most travel books look like a little cheap.

The frontispiece of these superior photographs, but with color added. There is opposite each plate photograph a title page with Biblical references which the pictures serve best to illustrate.

MAKING AFRICA VIVID.

E. Alexander Powell's Account of
the World's "Last Frontier."

"The Last Frontier" is the connotative title of E. Alexander Powell's volume on Africa, published this season by Scribners. Many magazine readers are familiar with the author's power to portray vividly, even startlingly, the ins and outs of nations. It will be found that in book form Mr. Powell is just as stimulating.

He seems able to select topics which are of irresistible popular interest and make them real. For instance, how unconventional but how human is his account of the women of that African tribe the Ouled-Nails, of whom Robert Hichens made so much in "The Garden of Allah." He says:

"Breaking home ties almost before they have entered their teens they make their way to Biskra, to Constantine and to Algiers. Yes, and to Tripoli on the east and to Tangier on the west, dancing in the native coffee houses or in the harems of the rich, and not infrequently earning considerable sums thereby."

"The Ouled-Nail promptly converts all of her earnings that she can spare into gold, linking these gold pieces together into a sort of bracelet, not at all unlike that shining, glittering affair which Mary Garden wears in her portrayal of *Salome*."

"When this golden garment becomes long enough to reach from her slender, supple neck to her still more supple waist, the Ouled-Nail retires from business, returns to the tents of her people in the edge of the Great Sands, hides her pretty face behind the veil common to all respectable Moslem women and settling her daintily slipped feet on the strait and narrow path of virtue leads a strictly moral life ever after."

"The peculiar dances of the Ouled-Nails demand many years of arduous and constant practice. A girl is scarcely out of her cradle before, under the tutelage of her mother, who herself has been a dancer in her time, she begins the inconceivably severe course of gymnastics and muscle training which is the foundation of their strange and suggestive dances. . . . She is taught to play the hautboy, the zither and the flute and to sing. . . . to make the thick, black native coffee, and with immitable dexterity to roll a cigarette. By the time she is 13 she is ready to make her debut in the dance hall of some Algerian town."

Mr. Powell's book is liberally illustrated with excellent full page photographs.

A NEW LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS.

Maurice F. Egan's Delightful Chroni-
cle of the Holy Man of Assisi.

"The lives of the Saints" used to be proper almost imperative reading for all good folk, and if they have been somewhat neglected in these rushing later days, why there is a chance, it would appear, of making nothing less than "best sellers" from them. At any rate Maurice F. (for Francis) Egan, United States Minister to Denmark, and a scholar as well, has written a book that will do much to bring back to the young the life of the holy man named "Everybody's St. Francis" and published this fall by the Century Company, one of the heads of which is responsible, Mr. Egan says, for the title.

There are twenty full page illustrations of M. Boutet De Monvel, whose soft tints (several of his pictures are reprinted in color) and suave lines lend themselves admirably to the spirit of the work.

Mr. Egan is careful to bring out the quite human qualities of St. Francis, who was not always a saint, it should be noted.

When Francis gave up all his wealth to be poor no one could credit his sanity. Mr. Egan in a few effective sentences pictures the state of mind of the neighbors. He says:

"God gave Francis great comfort in those days. He found peace. But how unlike the gay leader of the Corti he was now! Pale and worn, no longer at point-de-view in his dress, with unshorn hair and beard, the flower of Assisi was greeted as a madman in his native town. The sort of the golden youth had given up all to be poor. His father beat him with his own hands and dragged him to his home, where he imprisoned him."

The whole story is told as directly and as simply as that.

A BOOK FOR THE COLLECTOR.

If You Cherish Old Fashioned Things
You'll Enjoy It.

The collector, meaning the man or woman who delights to risk the depths of the pocketbook for the sake of acquiring old china, pewter and that sort of thing, will be interested in the moderate sized volume by Virginia Robie, "Bypaths in Collecting," which the Century Company is publishing this fall.

The author, after dedicating her volume to the permission to all collectors, proceeds in the pleasant and discursive a fashion that one does not in reading comprehend readily the care with which her material evidently was selected. As the catalogue of contents will show, she mapped out her book with proportion and adhered severely to her chosen topics. It was the only way in which she could have covered so wide a field in such simple and unaffected fashion.

The big range of the book is best shown by the topics of the twenty-one chapters, which include such diverse themes as "Staffordshire Lanes," "Shelf of Earthenware," "The Cabinet of Porcelain," "The Prince of Pottery," "Specializing and Generalizing," "In Praise of Cupboards," "Chairs and Their Ancestry," "Collecting Old Planks," "The Sheen of Old Pewter" and "Hour Glass and Sun Dial."

There's a delightful frontispiece by Ruth M. Wallach and a good index. But the remarkable and numerous photographs are the big help.

Books for Minnesota Farmers.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.

Miss Clara F. Baldwin, secretary of the State Library commission, has made arrangements to put sample travelling libraries on the Farmers' Special. Farmers will be shown how they can get books that will help them in developing their farms. The train also will carry a library composed of books helpful to housewives.

The forthcoming biennial report of the State library commission will show that on August 1 there were in circulation 485 sets of travelling libraries, exclusive of those printed in foreign languages. An appropriation for more books will be asked of the Legislature by the State library commission. During the summer the 27,435 books of the circulating library have been in constant use and winter always doubles the demand.

OPPENHEIM PROLIFIC, BUT HAS TIME TO PLAY

Glimpse of Author in His Home
Reveals System in
His Work.

HIS METHODS ARE SIMPLE

Dictates Stories and Revises
Them After Draft Is
Typewritten.

Despite his productivity, and already this year he has had published two novels, both of which are "best sellers," E. Phillips Oppenheim is not a syndicate. A recent visit to his comfortable English home disclosed him as a systematic industrious worker, says Herbert F. Jenkins in the *Independent*.

After years of industry the creator of Peter Ruff, Mr. Sabin and a score of other fascinating characters has developed the skill to write his two or three full fledged novels, together with a dozen or more short stories each year and still have ample time for golf, for shooting and for travel abroad.

Mr. Oppenheim's methods are simple. Seated in his library, or pacing the floor, he dictates his stories as they unfold themselves in shorthand. These notes are transcribed on the typewriter and from this draft Mr. Oppenheim dictates a revised version, which is subject to inevitable changes.

"Many a time earlier in life," he says, "when I used to write my stories by hand, I found ideas would come so much faster than my fingers could work that I prayed for some more speedy method of transmission. I found a jewel of a secretary, and the problem was solved."

"Many of my fellow writers have told me that they have found it impossible to dictate satisfactorily. From the first moment I found it by far the most effective method of getting my work on paper. So only about half of my time is devoted to writing or dictating, and the other half is available for sport and travel."

Morning for work, afternoon for golf and evening for auction bridge is the typical programme of the novelist when he is at his home in Sheringham, an ideal spot on the Norfolk coast, overlooking the North Sea, with excellent golf links nearby. The Oppenheim home is called "Winnimmet," the Indian name for the city of Chelsea (Mass.), which was the former home of Mrs. Oppenheim.

It was a score of years ago that the young novelist, then unknown in this country and merely a serial writer in England, met Miss Elsie Hopkins, the daughter of a Massachusetts manufacturer, on the Continent and shortly afterward followed her to her home in Boston, where the marriage ceremony was performed. A daughter of 14 is now the life of their country home.

The son of an English business man, young Oppenheim had ample opportunity to enter a commercial pursuit, but he just naturally took to writing.

"I frankly admit I do not know why," he confesses.

His first short story was published when he was 18, and he was only 20 when his first novel appeared. Now, at 45, he sits down to commence a new story "with exactly the same thrill as at 20," and perhaps that explains in a measure his continued popularity.

"I don't think there is another profession in the world," he says, "that maintains its hold upon its disciples to such an extraordinary extent."

Although he has visited most of the European countries and has been in America a dozen times, Mr. Oppenheim asserts he would be content to spend the rest of his days in London.

"It is no gift of mine to impart reality to scenes and events placed in a country in which I have not lived. Half a dozen thoroughfares and squares in London, a handful of restaurants, the people whom one meets in a single morning, are quite sufficient for the production of more and greater stories than I ever shall write."

The real pleasures of interest seem to be to look the places and human beings are gathered together more closely, because in such places the great struggle for existence, whatever shape it may take, must inevitably develop the whole capacity of man and strip him bare to the looker on, even to nakedness. My place as a writer, if I may claim one, shall be the corner of the market place."

London forms the background of the greater part of most of his successes. The Savoy Hotel, where he lives during his frequent and prolonged visits to the metropolis, often appears in his books as the "Milton." At one time he introduced the maitre d'hotel Gustave as a villain without disastrous results.

One of his clubs is the Savage, and at one of the Saturday night club dinners over which he presided Mr. Oppenheim amused his fellow members by reading a rhymed "roast" on himself. This poem, of American origin, began as follows:

I have read your latest book, Oppenheim!
It involves a swarthy crook, Oppenheim!
And a maid with languid eyes
And a dowager who sighs,
Oppenheim, Oppenheim!

And your glory never dies, Oppenheim!
At a recent London banquet he was asked for his American impressions.

"I was riding in the train from New York to Boston," he said, "when a newsboy with a stack of new books in his arms asked me if I did not want to buy the new novel by Oppenheim. I told him I had read it. He appeared incredulous, as it had just been published. I admitted I was the author."

The boy deposited his stack of books on a nearby seat, came over to me smiling, shook my hand and said, 'How do you do, Mr. Oppenheim. I am awfully glad to meet you. I have often wished I could have the pleasure.'"

Outside of his work and his family, Mr. Oppenheim most enjoys golf, shooting, auction bridge and the theatre. He has not succumbed to motor cars, but he is perfectly sure he has written an excellent play and could write others.

"If I could only imbue some responsible manager with the same idea," he says.

Notwithstanding his fame and pecuniary reward as a popular novelist, he will never be quite content until his name is associated with a dramatic success.

New Chinese Dictionary.

From the Peking Free Press.

For the purpose of unifying the Chinese dialects the Ministry of Education is contemplating the revision of the Chinese dictionary by scholars who understand the prevailing dialects spoken in different provinces. After such a dictionary is completed it will be used as a standard throughout the country.

Ye London Bookshop of the WANAMAKER STORE



This secluded section of the big Wanamaker Bookstore contains only books of unusual merit, books that have earned a reputation, the volumes which any man who loves books would feel it best worth while to own.

They are selected from old and rare book collections in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Edinburgh and other cities throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

An expert spends many days of every year seeking these books for such of our customers as have not the time to make this careful search for themselves.

Gathering the Books

It would be illuminating to accompany this man on his round through the old shops at Charing Cross Road, for instance, going over each book on the old shelves carefully, having to stand on a ladder for hours at a time among the dusty old tomes, gleaming one by one the choice volumes he seeks.

When he has searched this room, he goes down into the basement and up into the upper stories. Even the walls of the stairways and the cellar are packed with rows and rows of these old books. Many days are sometimes given to the search through a single one of these old stores, which from the outside look to the ordinary

traveler like an insignificant corner store.

Having gathered his treasures of unique literature from the untrodden by-ways of these old cities, he has them freshened and exquisitely rebound by Zaehnsdorf, Riviere and such binders, in covers which are fitting casquets for the treasures they contain.

They are then sent to New York, and housed in this Wanamaker London bookshop—a room about the size of a private library in a palatial home. Here they are classified and shelved in their proper order, so that the hand can be laid upon any desired volume in a moment.

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